Freak Me Out

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Rating: <u>General Audiences</u>

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Category: <u>Gen</u>

Fandoms: <u>Minecraft (Video Game), Video Blogging RPF</u>
Relationship: <u>Technoblade & TommyInnit (Video Blogging RPF)</u>

Characters: <u>Technoblade (Video Blogging RPF)</u>, <u>TommyInnit (Video Blogging RPF)</u>.

Additional Tags: Anxiety, Wilbur Soot and Technoblade and TommyInnit are Siblings,

Mentioned Wilbur Soot, Mentioned Phil Watson (Video Blogging RPF), Mentioned Clay | Dream (Video Blogging RPF), Technoblade Has ADHD (Video Blogging RPF), TommyInnit is a good brother, 3+1 fic, Unreliable Narrator, Technoblade-centric (Video Blogging RPF),

Emotional Hurt/Comfort, characters not creators

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Freak Me Out

by ChelseaFrown (orphan account)

Summary

Three Times Tommy was there for Techno without being asked, and one time Techno was willing to ask.

This is part of the Nights Like These universe, and may not make sense without reading the main fic first.

Notes

I feel like there wasn't enough Techno and Tommy in NLT, so have this

One

Technoblade was not the eldest brother, but Tommy usually saw him as such. Technoblade was calm, collected, and very, very good at dealing with his own feelings. In Tommy's weeks of staying here, he had never seen Techno like this.

It was late, or possibly early, and Tommy had needed water. Logically, he could have gotten it from the sink in the bathroom upstairs, but that felt kind of gross, so he went to the kitchen. He'd expected to find it empty, or at the most to see Phil up drinking his coffee at some unholy hour because he needed to go to work early. He did not expect to see Techno fuming, picking at his sleeves, and stomping back and forth through the house.

"You... good?" Tommy asked, a little dumbfounded.

"I'm fine," Techno snapped back, not even looking up.

"You're wearing a hole in the floor."

"What do you want?" Techno hissed, turning his glare on Tommy. He looked... well, tired, mostly. The circles under his eyes weren't uncommon, he barely slept as it were, but now they looked like bruises in the low light of the room. His whole body was tense, like he was gearing for a fight, and Tommy's first instinct was to back down. He didn't know these people well enough to do this. He stepped forward anyway.

"You're having a panic attack. You need to sit down."

"I'm not- go back to sleep."

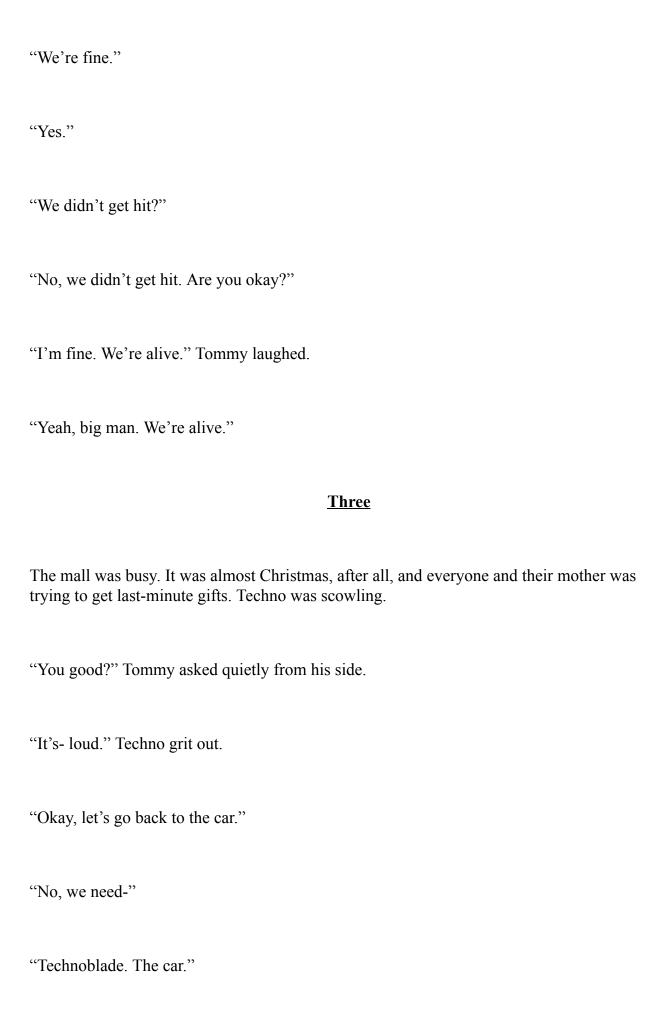
"You are, you're freaking out. You aren't going to feel better unless you sit and breathe."

"I'd feel better if I hit something." Tommy snorted.
"Not volunteering for punching-bag duties, big man. Sit <i>down</i> ." Techno yanked out a chair and sat. "Thank you. What has you so keyed up, anyway?"
"Nothing."
"Technoblade."
"Tommy."
"For the love of <i>fuck</i> dude, you look like you're about to explode. Just tell me what's wrong so you can feel better and we can both go back to sleep like normal human beings."
"You can go back to sleep. Nobody is stopping you."
"Yeah, no. I'm actually not the kind of asshole who lets someone freak out alone, believe it or not. What's going on?"
"I'm failing a class."
"Are you actually failing, or do you have a C and are overreacting?"
"Shut up."
"Dude. You don't have to have perfect grades in every class."

Two
"Any time, man. As long as I'm here, feel free to knock on the door and get me."
"Thank you," Technoblade mumbled.
"I didn't say you were being stupid, man. It's alright to get frustrated, but you're obviously doing your best. There's no need to panic. You need to get some sleep."
"Okay. You're right. I'm being stupid."
"No, it isn't," Techno grumbled. Tommy huffed out a laugh, pulling out his phone to look up Techo's school's grading scale. He held the phone out, showing him the B+, B, and B- letters, with the explanation for the letter. 'Indicative of above-average performance in class'. "Look, it literally says it on your grading scale. You don't need to freak out. You're doing fine." Techno looked at the words for a moment before breathing out a sigh.
"You're joking. Tech, my man, a B- is a good grade. It's literally above average."
"It's a B" Techno grumbled.
"Okay, first off, I work very hard to get the grades I have. Second off, my classes are a lot easier than yours. Nobody is going to be disappointed in you for a C."
"That's easy for <i>you</i> to say, your grades <i>are</i> perfect, and you don't even have to work for them."

The car pulled over so quickly Tommy was half sure he'd have whiplash. Techno was clutching the steering wheel so tightly it creaked. The car that had nearly hit them drove away like nothing happened.







+One

Technoblade was not weak. That being said, he'd never felt quite so fragile. It was something stupid, a plate shattering against the floor, that sent him into the panic, but the glass had been swept away *hours* ago, and he should be fine.

He wasn't fine. He was replaying the sound of shattered ceramic on hardwood over and over and over in his mind. It usually wasn't like this. He and Wilbur had both broken plenty of flatware since moving in with Phil. But it had been a long day, and a longer week, and he was already hanging on by the thinnest of threads.

When he felt like this as a kid, he'd go to Wilbur. His brother, his best friend, his second half, was always there to untangle whatever knots formed in his chest. When they got older, he went to Phil, too, and eventually Dream, but still, Wil was always the one he could call on to make it better. He didn't *like* reaching out for help, but years and years of therapy had made him better about doing it anyway. But Wil was busy. He'd left the house with a laugh and a halfhearted threat that his phone would be off, but Techno knew that wasn't true. His phone would be on 'do not disturb', but there were three exceptions to the setting, three people whose number would reach him anyway. Techno *knew*, if he called, Wilbur would come home. He would not be angry, or frustrated, or put off in any way, he would be sympathetic and kind and as gentle as he always was.

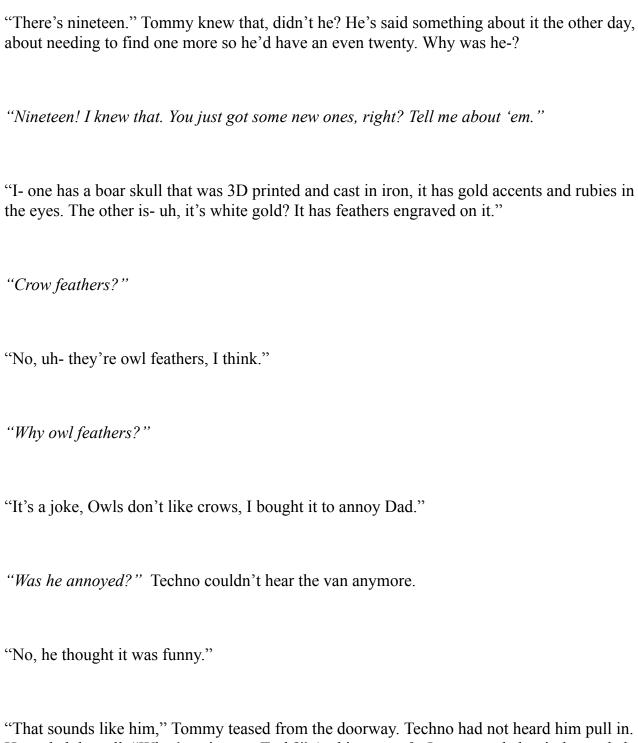
But. Wilbur had been looking forward to seeing this play for months, was thrilled at being able to spend time with his friends and enjoy a day away from the chaos of home. Techno didn't want to rob him of his chance at relaxation, so he didn't call. He'd been staring at his phone for hours, home alone with Tommy being gone for the weekend and Phil out of town until Monday. The house was empty, nothing but Techno, shattered glass in the kitchen bin, and deafening, oppressive silence.

He was a grown man. He should be fine. This should not have him so upset.

He dialed a number with trembling hands. He should not be upset. He should be okay alone.







"That sounds like him," Tommy teased from the doorway. Techno had not heard him pull in. He ended the call. "What's going on, Tech?" And it was *soft*. It was gentle but it demanded an answer anyway, like Tommy always did. Tommy, who was still so *young*, even though he was 18 now, Tommy, who never let things stew after the fight that left him scarred, Tommy, who always forced Technoblade to take care of himself. His brother, whose eyes shined with mischief and worry and fondness when he moved to sit in front of Techno.

"I just- I needed someone here. The quiet was suffocating me." Tommy gave him a sad smile.

"You should have called sooner. I've never been quiet a day in my life." The sympathy gave way to amusement, and Tommy began the process of comforting in the way he knew best.

Techblade had never been so grateful to have someone to fill the silence so well. It was not Wilbur's gentle assurance. It wasn't Dream's mild and playful taunting. It wasn't Phil's patient, firm words. It was Tommy, loud and harsh and so very good at distracting Techno from whatever had him stuck. Tommy dragged to his feet, already talking a mile a minute about fireflies and how they looked like stars in the woods he'd been camping in, and Techno followed, feeling himself untangle just as gracefully as ever, while Tommy made tea and complained and teased.

Technoblade was not weak, but on the rare times he fell, he knew his brother would be there to help him back to his feet anyway.

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